THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers.

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1421.

Original Poetry.

WIND OF THE WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HENRY MORFORD.

Oh, Wind of the West, so gay, pleasant, and free,
Let me rest in this summer evening,
And feel thee borne on o'er the waves of the sea,
Whose light waters cast at my gaze.
Let me feel thy breath play on my feverish cheek,
And smote amid my thick hair,
And thy warm, joyous wind, to my spirit shall speak
Of scenes, each heart, and prayer.

I will think of thee now as my playmate of old,
That long my light shallop ate,
When the little boy sailor was careless and bold,
And scarred not by compass or star;
I will think of thy dash in the quivering sail,
That bore my light vessel along,
While my young heart made music to me that beat with the pulse,
And my warm lips broke out into song.

I will think of thee now as thou comest at night
To play on my forsook face,
As I sat in the summer evening, and watched the dim light
Of the stars in the heaven of space,
When my spirit was wild, and my pulses were low,
And I lived but in fever and pain,
And I longed for the time when the bright wave's flow
Should cool off the heat from my brain.

I will think of thee now as thou comest to me,
With the form cool above the blue wave,
To a heart once more free—it is released—and gone,
And a form that is cold in the grave;
I will think of thee now as thou comest to me back
With the sorrow of years in my soul,
With the laughter of floods on a heart having track,
And a speed that had nerve a goal!

I will think of thee now as the messenger kind,
That shall come to my weary dwellings—
And kiss the pale cheeks I have left far behind,
And say what their lover would do!
I will pray thee to bear to a heart that is changed,
The love of my spirit's deep well,
And bring me back word that she is not estranged,
And what hope on my fidelity still dwells.

Oh, Wind of the West, I have loved thee of old,
I shall love thee when death lay down near—
I would speak to thee when my journey is told,
And speak to the dust on my bier.
Oh, Wind of the West, I would drink thy sweet breath,
If it might be, below the green sod,
And think it a memory that struggled with death,
And a load wish from earnest God.

Pictures of Life.

DUNCOMBE PARK.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY THE MAIDEN AUNT.

CHAPTER III.

DECEMBER 16TH.—The colonel has chosen his time of action, and I have discovered the motive for her which precludes the possibility of mistake. As I forcibly felt it would be, I am the victim. He has him talking to his daughter, and pressed for a moment on the threshold of the room. "Love them, Margaret, my dears," said he, in a sustained and complacent tone of voice, "is a very good, but a very vague injunction. I should wish you to love her every possible kindness during the time of her stay with us, but at the same time I must request, I am very careful not to suffer her thoughts or sentiments to taste any influence over your own." "That is exactly what I thought of her, papa," responded Anne, with alacrity. In I walked, as determined and cold, quite content to be forgotten because I was counted for a fool. Here is the end of all my most self-congratulatory plans for a safe place which I held in my brother-in-law's good opinion! I am properly punished for my vanity. And now we all go on very peacefully, though in a strange manner enough. The colonel tacitly avoids me as much as he can, and I keep out of his way when we come in contact; there is an air of good-humored condescension in his manner to me, a verdant endeavor to let himself down to my level when he does speak to me; nevertheless he seems half conscious of it, but his superiority is not genuine, and never meets my eye if he can help it. He no longer treats me as a confidential friend with him. My words, thoughts, and principles; but this is manifestly a great restraint to him, and more than once I have caught myself, as I sat at my work, in the position as father of a family!—but have ought to resume the childhood of my own. I am sure my dear Clara's lot thereof with no air of vexed recollection or annoyance; but gentle, gracious forbearance in her half alarmed expression, to see whether I am laughing, and soften the provocative speech to the a mere child. Margaret, indeed, seems to know him better. His lord very closely, and is as cool and civil as she can be to me, but I have observed that she is not, that she sometimes brings me a difficult passage in her German studies, and makes a good deal of fuss over it, when she finds that I am able to explain it. Flowed little Janet continues faithful and fond, and I am sure we are on very friendly terms. I feel especially that I had made the effort to soften her father, but had completely failed; and though she cried bitterly, she was so grateful to me for my zeal in her brother's cause, that I was convinced I had done all for the better for it. If it were not for her, and for my great sensibility to see Adele, who is to arrive the day after to-morrow, to discover what will be the colonel's intentions are with regard to her, I think I should long ere this have left the house in disgust.

As it is, I shall stay to the end of the month for which I was originally invited, but I cannot help thinking that I shall at once accept my brother's summons to Duncombe Park.

DECEMBER 17TH.—Adele is here. She arrived from Exeter at about twelve o'clock to-day. I scarcely knew whether I like her or not, and at present I certainly do not understand her. I must begin at the beginning, however, and write down all that has occurred since I last wrote to you, and may attain a clearer comprehension of my own thoughts concerning her. Clara received me very kindly in the drawing-room when she arrived; a little coldness in the hall, and the pleasant sound of Adele's voice, which I heard in the room, made my manners before me actually made her appearance. I hanged to see them all together, and thought that I was in the very act of doing so, but Anne sat behind the door, and I did not see her. Janet was in the school-room taking her French lesson; so altogether there was an air about the room as I entered which I looked wistfully at the door, and pried with all my eyes for the young object of whose entrance I expected every minute, and whose feelings I could well imagine. I consoled myself by remembering that I was not to be introduced to her, therefore was not likely to lose either grace or favorable opinion by any mistake that might trying circumstances. I was not mistaken. She entered and received the cold and ceremonious bow of the with slightest appearance of embarrassment, filling her large, dark, brilliant eyes to her face with an kind and penetrating look, which I observed was neither at rather than the great. She held by the hand little girl, a lovely child of three years old, and the name followed with the baby. I was horrified and even overcome at the sight of her. I saw at once the mother's manner, that I was glad to hide my emotion by stooping to caress the little one, Adele in her self-possession, and the child in her magnificent, and when she lifts her fall, was quite a picture. Adele, dressed in deep mourning, but she is small, and very fragile in figure, and her pale olive complexion gives the idea of delicate health. Her dress, and her whole aspect, had the neatest, the air of poor gentility—falling clearly of an effort to make the smallest possible expenditure produce the best effect. Their her grave, a common print, with no small-mercury wear, fitted her with the most scrupulous precision, and was made in the last style of fashion; her snowy cuffs and collar were embroidered by her own hands, and her coarse straw bonnet was put on with the grace of a true Frenchwoman. The fairy proportions of her feet and hands and the quiet elegance of her whole department, might have become a Duke's daughter. She said very few words, and her foreign accent was modestly perceptible. I could not help to make out at the time, neither can I tell now, whether she felt the meeting as she might an expected to feel it; one thing is certain, she is either very cautious, or very accomplished in the art of controlling the emotions. Had I been in her place, I am sure that I could not have restrained my tears for a moment.

After the first greetings were exchanged, Adele stooped to untie her little boy's bonnet, and as she was thus engaged when the colonel entered the room. Now, thought I, comes the great trial, and, fully expecting her composure to give way, I advanced sympathizingly to her side, and said, in a low voice, "Here is a friend for you, Adele. I wanted to give her a moment's preparation for the encounter. Her face did flush with a little, and she kept her eyes resolutely fixed on the ground; but, to my surprise, she very quickly finished releasing her boy from the confinement of her hat and large fur tippet, and then led him forward in the gentlest, whose solicitous air received quietly, but in perfect silence, and without raising her eyes for a moment. The child looked splendidly handsome; his cheeks glowing with the keen frosty air, and an abundance of rich brown curls falling around his bright shoulders. Even the colonel seemed to be somewhat struck at the sight of his grandchildren; he turned with an impulse of timidity to his mother, who put the boy's hands upon her shoulders, and slightly urged him towards the gentleman, without herself speaking. Then the little fellow looked at his claimed blue blue eyes in Colonel Harwood's face, and replied in that grave, doubtful manner in which a child strives to repress anything that has not been taught to it—"Evrard, grandpapa—pour vous mama." then pulled off his cap with a low bow across of chyness, he added, in a loud whisper, "Evrard right, mamma, is that right?"

Colonel Harwood walked abruptly in the window, and at this moment Janet entered. Anne introduced her to the stranger as "Miss Janet," in her ordinary morning visitor, and it was a relief to the poor girl's mortified feelings to have to do with a lady, a sweet fair creature of eleven months old, which if my brother-in-law she was coming, at once she understood the business scientifically, and her practised it all her life. Indeed, had it not been for the child's presence, I do not know how we should have got through that interminable morning; the first agitation which alighted between us was to be over, and nothing with different degrees of intensity into the room of the colonel's self-possession. He never did the ordinary etiquette and decorum of society appropriately, he strictly maintained, and so indescribably burdensome. But I certainly was not the process whose business it was to throw oil upon the troubled waters. Janet, with a grave sense around Adele, and tell her how completely Duncombe was under the rule of "papa," and how he loved her, a single glance at her cold, inscrutable countenance would have checked her in the very middle of the kind, and I was so quiet and well-behaved as the rest. Janet had all the natural shyness of a child, and could not be forgotten because I was counted for a fool. Here is the end of all my most self-congratulatory plans for a safe place which I held in my brother-in-law's good opinion! I am properly punished for my vanity. And now we all go on very peacefully, though in a strange manner enough. The colonel tacitly avoids me as much as he can, and I keep out of his way when we come in contact; there is an air of good-humored condescension in his manner to me, a verdant endeavor to let himself down to my level when he does speak to me; nevertheless he seems half conscious of it, but his superiority is not genuine, and never meets my eye if he can help it. He no longer treats me as a confidential friend with him. My words, thoughts, and principles; but this is manifestly a great restraint to him, and more than once I have caught myself, as I sat at my work, in the position as father of a family!—but have ought to resume the childhood of my own. I am sure my dear Clara's lot thereof with no air of vexed recollection or annoyance; but gentle, gracious forbearance in her half alarmed expression, to see whether I am laughing, and soften the provocative speech to the a mere child. I tapped at the door, and receiving no answer to my knock, quite content to be forgotten because I was counted for a fool. Here is the end

Irish Affairs.

THE REBELLION IN IRELAND.

[One of the Irish leaders, Mr. Meagher, who has recently arrived in this city, gives the following explanation of the causes of the failure of the late attempt at insurrection in Ireland:]

To the Editor of the Republic of the West.

CHESTNUT HILL, CHESTER COUNTY, PA., 1866.

DEAR SIR: Several gentlemen of this city, who have long felt a deep interest in the affairs of Ireland, (of which number you have not been the last,) are desirous that I should give some public explanation of the causes which led to the unexpected failure of the late revolutionary movement in that country.

I feel loath to meet their wishes, or to say that, at the time of writing, I am in the proper condition of mind for the task. But as the question of the failure of the late attempt is now before the public, and as I am certain that I can contain none of present or future interest, I will endeavor to comply with their request.

I will premise that I was in Ireland, and nearer than any of the leaders to the scene of action, during the whole of the late movement, and that I was in the confidence of the leaders, and had the means of knowing the true state of affairs.

In February last, the Irish parties who sought a change of Government, were two—"the moral force Repealers," and "Young Ireland." These parties originated in July, 1842, when Young Ireland seceded from the Repeal Association, on the subject of the usefulness of shedding blood to achieve political rights. Before that event, Daniel O'Connell was as absolutely the ruler of Ireland, as Nicholas Romanoff is of Russia. The old lionized him like his swollen idol, the young, becoming Repealed indeed and baited him; many Protestants sincerely cooperated with him in his efforts; and the Catholics revered him as the man who *robed* their altars, and loosed the tongues and arms of their Priesthood. Two thousand Catholic clergymen, questioned at every hamlet and at every confessional, were his political and his magistracy. His word was law; his nod was command; and his will the same as a Saint.

This man, so powerful and so well beloved, fought in his last days the doctrine that "no principle of liberty was worth the spilling of one drop of human blood," and the great mediocrity of the clergymen and the people adopted it implicitly. But there arose an undergrowth of a new generation in Ireland, who desired self-government, and who thought it a mean worth fighting for;—who, indeed, wished to fight for it, provided it could not otherwise be had. O'Connell introduced, in July, '43, his test of membership in the Repeal Association, known as "the Peace Resolutions,"—and Young Ireland, believing that such an course would be fatal to success against such an enemy, seceded. In January, 1847, they formed the first Irish Confederation," out of which the best of the Confederation events produced the late attempt at insurrection.

In 1847, Young Ireland was busy gaining over the inhabitants of the towns from "moral force," and with the exception of Peas the Ninth, and the revolutions of last Spring, we succeeded. At any time during the last ten months the towns' people of Ireland were, in force, committed to attempt a forcible expulsion of the British power.

The township organizations consisted of 100 Clubs, in the total of about 50,000 men of the Eighting age. Of these then half were more or less armed in July, and the other half were acquiring arms as fast as their circumstances would permit. Ammunition was scarce and military weapons dear. I have known half-employed tradesmen to stint themselves of their daily meals in order to buy a gun. Each Club was divided into sections of ten men, with a Master to each section, who knew, generally, each of his ten men. And let me assure our generous American friends that confidence in each *as whole*, do not meet now together in Clubs. These sections nearly all exist, and form a nucleus of future movement which cannot be reached or crushed. I assure them of this both from knowledge of the system and from the last movement in the Dunearny Act, twenty stands of arms have not yet been surrendered from the secretary hoard.

But the Confederate principles did not pervade the rural population up to the last hour. For this there are many causes. The decree of '47 and '48 had left a bootless effect it has that which followed from it. Peasantry could not trust that last that Mitchel, *Duffy*, and Mc-gher, would indeed into them. They felt that conformity so-much—and it passed through them.

The Government saw—it was a patent fact—that we had converted and augmented the town, but had not reached the heart of the country. They knew that the rich priests, formidable where popularism was grouped, was nonvinted to the rural districts. Therefore, opposed the insurrection with two weapons; they concentrated their forces on the towns, and used every art to prevent the junction of the Catholic clergy with the Revolutionary leaders.

In the latter enterprise they were materially assisted by the opposition of Mr. John O'Connell to the formation of the "Irish League." The League, devised and advocated by the best clergymen and citizens, was intended to swallow up both the Repeal Association and the Confederation. Its actual result would have been to bring together Young Ireland and the Priesthood on the vital elements of Irish politics at that period. Mr. John O'Connell opposed it by a succession of small evolutions, unworthy of any man, and which were only tolerated because, being his father's son, he was supposed to be the mean of peace. He ended a la fay of a fortnight—of a month—and of six weeks. Finally, when the six weeks were expired, and the very shame he could ask no more, he openly assailed it as illegal, and intended to be so Catholic. The Catholic clergy, with the exception of the courageous Bishop of Derry and his clergymen, abandoned the League, and as the Confederates were left alone, lost to face, and lost in fact, with the Government.

Any one who knows Ireland, socially, will know how unfavorable the Priesthood are to discipline and movement in the rural parts. In many parishes the Priest is the only educated man; it mostly all he is the only one from farm and hall for the people. Ireland has no middle class, and it would be out of her if she had no people. So the Priesthood is everywhere, and revered everywhere. And this reverence has been the reward of unchanging devotion. Through the entire 18th century the Priests and people fought side by side; Bishop commissioned soldier, and Friar conducted sieges. In the great eighteenth century the flock gave the pastoral crook sanctified for the shepherds, and many bloody corpse baited the pains by which they suffered. I am satisfied that if the Church had been involved even ever so little in 1848, we would have beaten the English. But the Bishops and Clergy opposed the movement, or what had just the same effect, prophesied its failure, and argued its ruin. The secondary Clergy and the Curates who were more favorable to it, submitted to their betters, were silent.

In taking that course, the Irish Clergy did not have themselves without arguments. The bloody days of June in Paris—the insurrection smartly by the City of Rome—the comparative suppressed sons of the people—the slaughter that would be made—the partial failure of the last war—an all seems for their counsels. I am satisfied that the revolution itself by preaching that it would fail. At Carrick at Clonbrough in Tipperary, Limerick, and Clare, they preached against an appeal to arms, and made converts.

Now the concessions of the Corps in the towns and cities compelled the Confederates to choose a favorable war or none. The situation of an Irish town, in August last, may be understood from this instance. Dublin, as a most Irish town, there is an old and a new town. The Government people live in the new town, and commit its open and magnificent streets from guns for buildings, filling every vista and dwelling-house nearly as strong. In the old town are the hereditary rebels who could be destroyed by a shower of shells which would not be inserted so as to injure the old quarter. In Dublin, the garrison was, on the 27th of July, 12,000 men, and it averaged throughout 15,000. The object of many of the workers a Constable one. was to drag these concessions to power, as the Russian peasants on Napoleon's accession of accession, and by bringing them into districts where only the Priest could act with ease, to put these more on a level with the true letter of the people. The remainder of the cannon that could not be taken would be left the towns and cities, as the Athenians did Athens and the Russians Moscow. That is, Ireland would have been the result, as the news of the first cannon shot would have been the signal for every soldier to desert, whether these considerations, and the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, had driven our leaders. But the rural districts would not have been without their Clergy, and the Clergy were openly adverse to insurrection.

It is not fair to assume that there was no opinion of opposition against the Confederate resolutions. There was a feasible and well concerted plan. What it was, it is not advisable for me to publicly to explain. Besides, I had rather a future success should publish it than I. I have no objection—quite the contrary—to explain it to any Committee or circle of the friends of Ireland, but printing it would serve no purpose except to rob the enemy.

The conclusions I draw, from all I know of this attempt, is this—that the Clergy of the people made a grave political mistake, and that that mistake was fatal to the insurrection in its incipient stage. It could be safely said false to say that they could have always strong grounds for their opinion; but I can, for myself, maintain, that if they had joined the insurrection, we would have received the support of the Catholic Army, and that Peel, his daughter, but Fever and Famine, now under the protection of the British flag in Ireland, will declare that the Irish Clergy, by their opposition, saved the only thousand armed men could have killed. I am ready to compare the two.

I left Ireland in the beginning of September, departing at Queenstown with Colonel Stevenson. But I do not, and never shall despair of the country. The people are not to blame that there are not here in America. They have been distrust in local leaders, like the Rapparees and the Whiteboys of former times, were and bloody enough, too many lies binding them to the peace. They have their chance, the formidable organization of a foreign war, an event which is likely to precede the settlement of the newly awakened wars of the Continent. The statesmanship of the Irish people is not to be appreciated; they cling to the soil with a love which while they cling they hate England. The numerous emigrations of them make a most valuable administration on the present stock. These two strongest political sentiments are hatred to England, and a sanguine hope in liberty.

Until the good day of victory comes, all individuals of the Irish nation must only strive the more to make their names respectable by doing noble things by honesty, by courage, by gentleness, by genius, to save the national spirit from degeneracy, and the national character from disparagement.—I think, that *one postage stamp* is all that has been wasted the Irish cause once more to disappear from the world self-sacrifice, and next to exchange at Washington, the life most valuable to London is a life lost. Emmet's, offered up upon her baby altar, he realized. Many hearts have been freely made of late in Ireland by the self-immolation of Mr. Mitchel and his faithful friend John Martin, by Mr. Meagher and Mr. O'Gorman, the two Dives of our richest merchants; by Mr. Duffy, our greatest journalist, by John Lillies and Smith O'Brien, men whom much fortune and many of their friends are ready to offer up in their country." In other revolutionary attempts, insists are usually not exposed to danger than the people, in this they have open advantured fortune, name, friends, and life. The result can not have been even a few such men will not readily degenerate into a cowering mother of slaves. For

Yours, truly,
THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.
A Traitor to the British Government.

Miscellaneous.

THE BUTCHERS IN PERIL.

We beg to assure the worthy gentlemen who expect unimpeachable white aprons in our markets that " we are not Americans." It is not our destiny to produce an excitement in Christy street, nor agitate the people in favor of scraping butchers for their interests in the breezes of the First Avenue. It is with no intention of effecting the grazing interest, of undermining the prosperity of Carlisle, or of overturning the staples of Vermont, that we publish the following account of a butchers' strike—which, *if successful*, is destined to effect important changes in the social economy of Boston, if, greater and more specifable audience of our fellow citizens.

A worthy Clergyman of Kensington, Philadelphia, who has been obliging enough to send us a copy of the *Vegetarian Advocate*, published in Dorgan, England, contains the proceedings of the last Vegetarian Festival, lately held at the Assembly Rooms, Paradise Street, Hull. Mechanics' Hall. Festival was attended by persons from all parts of England, who live upon a vegetable diet, and the Chairman, Mr. Smith, of Hull, in his opening speech, or mother, they consider a sort of cannibalism and they look upon a butcher as little better than a murderer. The principal feature of this magnificent festival was a good Vegetarian dinner, to which certain principle. Ten tables were presided over by as many ladies, while the President of the banquet was Joseph Brotherton, Esq., member of the House of Commons, who has abstained from flesh for thirty-nine years. There were also present a number of persons who had abstained from flesh for from thirty-seven to forty years, and many members have never eaten any during their lives. Among these were a great number of distinguished persons. Mr. Joseph Brotherton, Esq., member of the House of Commons, and consisted of the following bill of fare:

FIRST COURSE.—Large Savory Onion, Rice Puddings, Sweet Sauce, Savory Pies, Vegetable Marrow Pie, Mushroom Pie, Bread and Pansley Fritters, Farrie Meal Fritter, Macaroni Omlet, Vegetables.

SECOND COURSE.—Plum Pudding, Wheaten Suet, Almonds and Raisins, Currant Cakes, Lemon Cakes, Grapes, Sponge Cake, Flummery, Gooseberries, Creams, Nuts, Red and White Currants, Mexican Pies, and Tart Tarts.

The tables were covered with vases of flowers, and were ornamented with evergreens, and the room was accompanied with music.

Mr. Brotherton on his address, remarked that he considered it quite unnecessary, but really necessary to make these public meetings, and that man can be better enhanced by rough vegetables and fruits than by Millions in Asia and Africa never taste flesh, and even in England and Ireland, it forms but a small part of the sustenance of the great mass of the people. Mr. Brotherton also knows that there are now retirement in two penny worth of peas, than a sovereign's worth of beef. In England 10,000,000 of persons, chiefly agriculturists, live upon a vegetable diet, and which might be saved by a vegetable diet.

Mr. Thomas Taylor, a temperance lecturer who has abstained from flesh for the last seven years, made a speech in which he stated that he had abstained from flesh for thirty-five years, and his health has been excellent, and that where potash, though he had not personally been a free liver.

The secretary read a letter of similar experience and in power that a vegetable diet is not conducive to the most vigorous state of the system; and letters, Gamesell, for Edward Home, Baron Cavendish, Professor Lawrence, Lord Mondeville, Regd, and Dr. Lambert Bell, all men of profound science.

Mr. Passmore Edwards, of London, gave an account of a visit to the Lancaster Mesmeric Hospital, Lancaster. The Lancastrian take neither food, tea, nor coffee, nor tea, nor wine, nor ale of kind. But this Mesmeric law eaten on meat for fifty years, is now eighty years old, and toils four to five thirty or forty years longer.

Mr. Newman, of London, said he was sixty-seven years old. Ten years ago, when he adopted the vegetarian system, he weighed seventeen stone, and could only walk ten miles without fatigue. He weighed scarcely ten stone, and could walk twice that distance with ease.

Mr. Newman, of London, gave some curious facts on these subjects. He said that while flesh contains but a twenty-five per cent. of solid nourishment, eleven vegetables contain from twenty-eight to thirty-five per cent. of solid nourishment. Potatoes contain one hundred pounds of nutritional item from in 5,000 per cent. Grocer than the same amount item vegetable food. Two sixty pounds can be fed on vegetable food from the same part of ground that is sufficient to feed one of flesh. He gave also the following interesting facts: In Lancashire, with and medium rent, a family consisting of seventy-three years, has walked 4,941 miles within the last twenty-one months, besides seventy-two journeys by train, and has visited 1,000 gardens: and in relation to the dentist so often resorted to the cravings of infants, the wife of another gentleman here, who has abstained from flesh for twenty-seven years, has had but two children given birth to fifteen children during the time, fourteen of whom the husband has reared. Another gentleman had a daughter, who died at the age of seventy-three years, but

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1848.

ANOTHER REASON.

Now that the Irish Insurrection has gone out in smoke, the reasons for its failure will be as plenty as blackberries. We give this week a long letter from one of the new "exiles of Erin," explaining the why and wherefore of its not "coming off." Here is another account. It is from a correspondent of the London Morning Chronicle, who writes from Mullinahone, under date of August 16:

"Much has been said and written on the 'rise and progress,' as well as the 'decline and fall,' of the Irish rebellion of 1848, but as yet the public cannot clearly understand how it came to pass that a conspiracy so deeply laid, organised, and wide-spread, could have been so easily crushed; crushed almost without an effort on the part of the conspirators: I shall tell you. At a respectable farmer's house not many miles south of the city of Kilkenny, there met, on the 25th of July, the Tuesday previous to the affair at Ballingarry, seven of the principal leaders of the insurrectionary movement. It was, in point of fact, a council of war. The first subject brought under consideration had reference, naturally enough, to the Commissariat; and the question was proposed, 'How were the rebel forces to be maintained?' This interrogatory was at once answered by one of the most youthful, and certainly the most chivalrous and gifted, of the insurgent leaders. 'How are we to maintain our friends,' said he, 'but at the expense of our enemies? Those who are not with us are against us, and we shall make them pay the penalty of their disloyalty to their country.' All were in favor of this bold, decided, and, under the circumstances, certainly not unreasonable proposition, save one, and that one was Smith O'Brien. 'I belong,' he replied, 'to an ancient family; perhaps the oldest in Europe, whose honor has remained untainted during a succession of ages, and it shall never be said I tarnished its fair fame by having recourse to plunder and robbery, no matter in what cause or under what circumstance.' A discussion, or rather an altercation, of an angry character, ensued. Arguments as well as threats were used to induce the descendant of the hero of Clontarf to change his opinion, but to no purpose; and those who know anything of the personal character of Mr. O'Brien

STRANGE EXECUTION.—The Niagara Chronicle of the 5th inst. says:—"Pursuant to his sentence, Thos. Brennan was hanged in front of the jail, yesterday forenoon. The hangman gave him less than the usual fall—about ten feet—but strange to say, the jerk actually severed his head from his body, and both fell to the ground. We do not remember having heard or read of a similar occurrence. The rope used on this occasion was of the ordinary thickness, and the decapitation in all probability was in consequence of disease. When on the scaffold the miserable man denied his guilt. Since his conviction he has told different stories—varying so much that no faith could be placed in what he said."

A GOOD JOKE.—A coach standing across a pathway in Boston, two gentlemen coming up, requested the coachman to move. He would not, and a lady (?) who had just alighted, came to the door of the shop in which she was, and insolently told the coachman not to stir. Thereupon the two gentlemen passed in at one coach door and out at the other, to the extreme discomposure of another lady who was inside the coach. Better still, a party of sailors coming up, followed the gentlemen, and scrambled through the carriage after them.

HEAVY DAMAGES.—In the Circuit Court held at Newburg recently, Gilbert W. Oliver recovered a verdict of $8,000 against the New York and Erie Railroad Company as compensation for severe injuries sustained by him four years ago, making him a cripple for life, by an accident to the train in which he was. The accident was caused by a defect in one of the wheels, which broke, and the cars were thrown into a gully.

EMIGRATION OF WATCHMAKERS.—Clock and watch-making, one of the principal branches of industry of the canton of Neufchatel, in Switzerland, is entirely paralyzed: and we learn from our English papers, that upwards of 1,500 journeymen watch and clock-makers have just emigrated from the town of Neufchatel to the United States, and a still greater number are making preparations to follow them.

MAST.—The Dayton Transcript says:—"We never saw the forest trees so prolific as they are this year in this region. There is enough of food in the woods to fatten the whole hog crop of the country. The oak, hickory and beach trees appear to be loaded with nuts. This will have the effect to increase the hog crop of the country—and in consequence to reduce the price of pork."

OLD AND NEW ENGLAND.—Out of every hundred persons in England, forty cannot write their ...

General News.

FACTS ABOUT THE CHOLERA.—It has been frequently remarked that during the Cholera in New York, in 1832, that there was no electrical in the atmosphere; but a correspondent of the Journal of Commerce says his records show the contrary of this, and that ten thunder-storms were active here during that period. A writer in Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, maintains that electrical changes are the true cause of such migratory diseases as cholera and plague; and, indeed, of all epidemics. The true remedy, therefore, is the purification of the atmosphere, and the chief object to effect this is Chlorine Gas, which is an ingredient in common salt. Whole streets and towns can be fumigated with chlorine gas as easily as single dwellings.

In 1832, the town of Dumfarline in Scotland, was affected with cholera from the 3rd of September until the 23rd of October. At that date every street, lane and alley was fumigated with chlorine gas. Within five days the pestilence was entirely annihilated. In Edinburgh the gas was used, but rather late, and in several other towns with like effect. It was ascertained beyond a shadow of doubt, and to this fact we beg the earnest attention of our readers, and the public at large, that every house in the infected districts in which chlorine gas was used as a disinfecting agent in the cholera of 1832, enjoyed an absolute immunity from the disease, and this fact is the great preservative against that frightful disease, and a positive proof that cholera owes its origin to electrical changes in the atmosphere.

CATERPILLARS.—A very singular phenomenon has lately been observed at Pfalzburgh in the department of Muerthe, in France. In the mountain forest of that region caterpillars without number strip the trees of their leaves, so that a distance of two or three hundred acres presents the most entire aspect of winter. Even the moss is eaten by these insects. Not only are the trees covered from the root to the summit, but the earth is hidden as under a deep snow. There are places where they lie from three to four inches thick. The oldest inhabitant has never seen anything like it, and unless one sees it with his own eyes, it is impossible an idea can be formed of it, and all accounts appear exaggerated. This caterpillar, which is nearly three inches long, is yellow and has a sort of tuft on the back. Whole villages make pilgrimages to Bonne Fontaine to pray to be delivered from this scourge. For it is feared that the trees will be killed, and still more that the atmosphere will become infected when they perish. A bad odor already prevails in the places which they are ravaging.

DIVORCE CASE.—The long pending divorce case of Mrs. Frances Kemble Butler, is expected to come up in the Court of Common Pleas, in a few weeks. Her counsel [Messrs. Wm. M. Meredith and Benj. Gerhard,] made application on Saturday, for an allowance from her husband's estate, to enable her to conduct the suit, and also that the arrearages of the allowance for her support, made by her husband [Pierce Butler,] in writing, and accepted by her, be paid. Hon. Geo. M. Dallas and J. Cad-...

A MERCANTILE TRANSACTION.

It will be some time, if not longer, before we shall awake the echoes of our quiet sanctum with a laugh so irrepressible as a guffaw which has just escaped us, at a mercantile anecdote inimitably related by a German friend. An old fellow, living at Frankfort-on-the-Main, sent to a business-correspondent at Frankfort-on-the-Oder a large consignment of cotton stockings, and at the same time, to another correspondent, in the same place, an equally large consignment of cotton night-caps, the product of his own manufactory. He wrote to each the price at which they were to sell, but the sum designed was found to be too large, of which fact they took occasion to inform him. He yielded a little in his demand, but still there were no offers for his fabrics. Again he writes, in reply to other letters from his correspondents, naming a yet smaller amount; but weeks elapse, and still no sale. At length he writes to each correspondent to make *some* disposition of his manufactures, if they can't get money for them, at least to exchange them, no matter at what reasonable sacrifice, for any other goods. Under these instructions, the stocking-factor calls upon the night-cap agent, both unknown to each other in connection with their principal, and "names his views;" he wishes to exchange a lot of superior cotton stockings for some other goods; he is not particular what kind, as the transaction is for a friend, who is desirous of "closing his stock." The man at first can think of nothing he would like to exchange for so large a supply of stockings; but at length a bright thought strikes him. "I have," said he, "a consignment of cotton night-caps from an old correspondent, which I shall not object to exchange for your stockings." The bargain was soon closed. The stocking-factor wrote back at once that he had at length been enabled to comply with the instructions of his principal. He had exchanged his stockings for "a superior article of night-cap," in an equal quantity, which he was assured were likely to be in much demand before a great while! The next day came a letter from the night-cap agent, announcing his success, and appended to the letter was a big bill for commissions! As Yellowplush would say, "Fancy that gent's feelings!"—*Knickerbocker*.

☞ In Canada they have enacted a law against using camphine lamps. Good!

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James R. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Hawse, John W. Armstrong, Jason Taylor, E. M. Stevenson, and W. Ramsey.*

[Certificate from the Principal of the Fredonia, (New York,) Seminary.]

Fredonia, July 17th, 1848.

Dr. Seth W. Fowle,—Dear Sir:—Feeling, as I do, under obligation to the friend who urged me to try Wistar's Balsam, in spite of my hostility to the endless variety of remedies claiming infallibility, I cannot justly refuse to comply with your request to furnish a statement of its effects.

From my youth I have been subject to lung complaints, and during the last ten years I have been under the necessity of using the utmost caution to avoid that most ungracious customer, "a cough." In February last I took cold—a cough set in, and though slight in the beginning, I made use of the simple remedies which I always keep for that purpose. These failing, I resorted to others, many of which have gained celebrity, but my cough increased in violence, and a pain in the side and right lobe of the lungs set in, which soon became very distressing, and at intervals were attended with oppressive strictures on the lungs. During this time I expectorated freely, but the mucus raised from the lungs indicated a disease deeply seated. Two or three physicians kindly sent me their medicines, which have been very efficient in allaying coughs, but they failed to reach my case, and I began to be somewhat uneasy. In the latter part of April I left home, intending to travel awhile and if possible escape, by that means, from present danger. When I reached Buffalo I had taken an additional cold, and my cough was considerably aggravated. A friend there advised me to try the BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, but I told him I had swallowed medicine enough. Well, sir, I coughed out that day and the night following, and the next day my friend urged me again to try "Doctor Wistar," and at 3, P. M., I was willing to try anything, for I coughed constantly. I procured a bottle—drank of it—read the directions—took the stage for home, continued taking it from that bottle one week, and when the Balsam was gone my cough and pains were gone, and I have not coughed since. Respectfully yours, &c.

F. A. REDINGTON.

CAUTION.—The *original and only genuine* WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY was introduced in the year 1838. For ten years it has proved more efficacious as a remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and CONSUMPTION in its incipient stages than any other medicine. In consequence of its unbounded popularity this article has been extensively *counterfeited*. REMEMBER, *the original and only genuine article* always bears the written signature of I. BUTTS on the outside wrapper. Originally prepared by Williams & Co., Philadelphia. Now prepared and sold wholesale and retail only by Seth W. Fowle, Boston, Mass., to whom all orders should be addressed, and for sale by his agents, Chas. Shaffer, 215 Market st., Fredk. Brown, corner Fifth and Chesnut, and Geo. K. Smith & Co., 294 North Second street, Philadelphia.

ALMANAC.

Oct. 1848.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
21 Saturday,	6 37	5 23	10 15	
22 Sunday,	6 39	5 21	11 2	D. H. M.
23 Monday,	6 40	5 20	11 48	
24 Tuesday,	6 41	5 19	12 23	
25 Wednesday,	6 44	5 18	1 4	First 5 9 10
26 Thursday,	6 44	5 16	1 42	Full 12 11 8
27 Friday,	6 45	5 15	2 19	Last 19 1 41
28 Saturday,	6 46	5 14	3 3	New 26 10 1

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

Oct.	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
8,	59	62	61
9,	49	57	60
10,	55	64	67
11,	47	55	58
12,	49	63	67
13,	54	61	61

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For a single square, first insertion,	$2,00
For each subsequent insertion,	$1,50
For one square, 6 months,	$20,00
For one square, a year,	$40,00

Payment is required in advance.

A PREMIUM OFFER!

A NEW VOLUME OF THE BEST DOLLAR MAGAZINE IN THE COUNTRY.

THE LADIES' GARLAND AND DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

ON the first of January, 1849, the Proprietor will commence a New Volume of "The Ladies' Garland," a Magazine furnished at the cheapest possible rate, but enriched with literary articles from the best writers in the country, and one which has gained a high place in the public estimation.

"*THE LADIES' GARLAND AND DOLLAR MAGAZINE,*"

Has now been published for one year by the present proprietor who has spared neither pains nor expense to render it worthy of patronage. His expectations have been fully realized, and the New Volume about to commence will be made, in every respect, as excellent as contributions from authors of the highest eminence, and embellishments from artists of distinguished reputations can make it.

Encouraged by the past, and looking forward to the future with cheerful confidence, the Proprietor asks a renewal and extension of popular favor for the forthcoming volume, and pledges the exercise of unremitting zeal to attach old friends to "The Garland," and add hosts of new ones to its list of patrons. The price at which it is put brings it within the reach of all, and the elevated standard of the merit of its articles, renders it, in an especial manner, a proper subject for the favor of all who desire to encourage literary excellence, and reward industrious enterprise.

Attention is invited to the subjoined rates of subscription, which exhibit advantages that can be realized no where else in the United States.

TERMS.

The terms upon which "The Ladies' Garland and Dollar Magazine" will be furnished are as follows

1 copy,	One Dollar.	15 copies,	Nine Dollars.
4 copies,	Three Dollars.	17 "	Ten Dollars.
7 "	Five Dollars.	30 "	Fifteen Dollars.

No Subscription received for a less term than One Year.

CLUBBING.

For the convenience of those who may desire to form Clubs, we make the following propositions:

For TEN DOLLARS, Eight copies of "The Ladies' Garland" and Four copies of the Saturday Evening Post will be furnished.

For FIVE DOLLARS, we will furnish Four copies of "The Ladies' Garland" and Two copies of the Saturday Evening Post for one year.

For FIFTEEN DOLLARS, Eight copies of "The Ladies' Garland" and Seven copies of the Saturday Evening Post will be furnished, with an additional copy of each to the Postmaster or other person through whom the club may be raised and the money remitted.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, we will furnish Twelve ...

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1849. GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

Edited by Mrs. S. J. Hale, Grace Greenwood, Miss Leslie, an article in every number. T. S. Arthur a series of sketches of American Character illustrated by Croome.

AGREEABLY to the practice of last year, the publisher will issue as good a number each month as he does in January. This is a novel feature in Magazine publishing. During the whole of last year he gave more engravings and more reading matter than any of his contemporaries, and will continue to do so next year. Those who subscribe to GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, may do so under the assurance that they will receive more for their money in the Magazine alone than by subscribing to any other work. To this is added and included in the same $3, the LADY'S DOLLAR NEWSPAPER, which contains in one month nearly, if not quite as much reading matter as the other Monthlies. There are peculiarities about Godey's Lady's Book for the Ladies, that no other magazine possesses. There is a Mezzotint and Line Engraving in each number—both by the best artists. There is a Colored Fashion Plate, with a full description. This feature is peculiar to Godey, as no other magazine has them every month. Then there is a plate of Caps, Bonnets, Chemisettes—Equestrianism for Ladies, with Engravings. The Ladies' Work Table, with designs for knitting, netting, crotchet and all other kinds of work. Patterns for Smoking Caps, Chair Covers, D'Oyley's, Purses, Bags, &c. &c. Health and Beauty, with engravings. Model Cottages, with ground plans, and other engravings, always illustrative of something useful. Music, beautifully printed on tinted paper, which may be taken out and bound. Colored Modern Cottages and Colored Flower Pieces occasionally.

The literary portion of the Book is the contribution of the first Male and Female authors in America—among whom may be mentioned, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Hale and Grace Greenwood.

TERMS.

1 copy one year and the Lady's Dollar Newspaper, 2 publications in one month,	$3
2 copies without the paper,	5
5 copies, with one to the person ordering the club,	10
8 copies,	15
12 copies,	20

The Book will be sent four months for $1, and any single copy for 25 cts.—postage to be paid on all orders.

Address L. A. GODEY, 113 Chesnut st., Philadelphia.

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

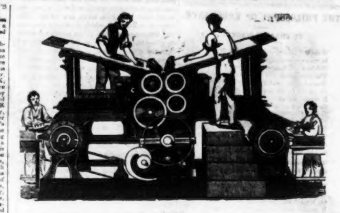
WASHINGTON, 27 Dec., 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age. J. Q. ADAMS.

THE Publishers of the LIVING AGE annex a Prospectus of that work, and solicit to it the attention of the readers of the Saturday Evening Post. They who wish to accomplish much in their generation must take a large view of what is passing around them—they must look over the whole of the age they live in, and grow with it.

PROSPECTUS.

☞ This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably ...



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A MAMMOTH PAPER.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

THIS PAPER CONTAINS FROM ONE-FOURTH TO ONE-HALF MORE THAN THE GENERALITY OF TWO DOLLAR CITY WEEKLIES.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST return their sincere thanks to their friends and the public, for the patronage extended to them since the enlargement of their paper; and respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. The belief expressed in their last Prospectus, that the POST is destined to take its stand at the very head of the weekly press, is fast becoming realized. The reason of this is in a great degree, to be found in the stand the POST has always taken against the *immoral* literature of the day. The public have felt, in the language of the North American and United States Gazette, of this city, that "*The POST has done much towards correcting the taste of the newspaper reading public.*"

TERMS.

The terms to single subscribers are $2.00 per annum, in advance; $3.00, if not paid in advance.—For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 3 years.

TERMS TO CLUBS.

In order to accommodate the large number who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we continue the following low terms for Clubs—to be sent, in the city, to one address; and, in the country, to one Post Office:

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THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for SIX DOLLARS.

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Ladies Garland for FIVE DOLLARS.

TWO COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Fountain, (containing 238 pages of original letter press, and 8 of Sartain's best Magazine engravings,) for FOUR DOLLARS.

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The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk—(When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.) Address,

DEACON & PETERSON, NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors copying the above, or who will give a fair notice of the paper (we ask not that it shall be *praised*, but be *noticed*) in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive our thanks.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST, as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the Publishers by letter, *post paid*.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE SATURDAY POST.—We have to congratulate our friends Edmund Deacon & Henry Peterson, upon the elegant appearance of their enlarged paper, which is now the very pearl of the literary weeklies. The literary reputation of the Saturday Post is widely known, and its circulation has been steadily increasing. It has our sincerest good wishes for its success, *for we think it has done much towards correcting the taste of the newspaper reading public.—Phila. North American and United States Gazette.*

ALTHOUGH THE POST was, before its enlargement, the best family paper in our exchange list, and in fact the best one we know of, still we think it has been greatly improved. The dress of the paper cannot well be surpassed; its typographical appearance is clear and bold. We have no hesitation in saying that the Post is decidedly *the best and cheapest weekly paper published.—Cattskill (N. Y.) Messenger.*

THE POST came to us last week enlarged *eight mortal columns*, and looking most splendid! There is no ...

I. O. O. F.

Selected Poetry.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ENDURANCE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY

Were the beauty never lovelier
In the rude cold grasp of the biting ground;
Were the right less sure to triumph
The world above its trampling crop;
Were a sorrow ever to be mourned and hid;
Or shield'd by the breast of the pitying ground;
Or would her spoon be the sweeter
Or gives the promise of a tree;
If weeds and poisons, in the summer air
Its lengthening boughs and tangles fair,
To rank it sooner, richer, fairer,
Young love might, down indoors delights;
Or spread in the womb among the roots
Fed by the dews of a thousand years.

Were grave no cell, were sorrow one
Were hope no star to light the night of years;
Were it never to be mourned and hid,
Were it never to be mourned and hid,
Were it never meant to endure one.
From the dawn of thy sloth and mean desire
What there never sought to feel and know
That the truest love lies in roots in vain.
Then would never sorrow could be complete joys,
Or reach half way to the perfect man.
Then would never arises the tempest height
Where wisdom pavilion the right.
And God amidst to the heaven above
The blue and beauty of His ways.

Selected Tale.

MARY DUNBAR.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

are tired and bowed-smiled, and hungry, too, I dare say; let me make you comfortable." I've laughed a little as she spoke, but not like her old laugh, it was affected, and died in its birth.

"How can I tell, grave sisters for lunch to be brought in, and a room prepared for me, with something of her old activity, and saying cordially,

Now you must stay with me; now I have got you here, I cannot spare you again." She bustled away thoughtfulness and absence. This strange manner re puzzled me not a little.

"I want my sister. The white downtown of my room chilled me. Mary did not accompany me as she would most have done, to see that all was comfortable for me. The textile window-curtains for the view outside, and the stately high-post bed, wood, with its gilded border, looked as if sleep would be afraid to "come near" it. My trunks were brought up, and then she found me in the room in the house. He child was in the house, that was clear—and nobody else I thought. Well, I must wait. I should know all in good time. I paused and went down to the parlour. Mary still hovered over the fire, looking, in her white wrapper and whiter face, more like a ghost than any living thing. I had intended to be reticent, cautious, till, to talk to Mary about old times, and by degrees to lead her to speak of so much of her present life as would give me an insight into the mysterious manner that reigned like a presence over my household.

"But as poor Ophelia says, 'we know what we are, but not what we shall be.' So no more did I know how to look at that crouching figure and its cheerful and calm. I met all pressure of sad, and could only sit down and cry heartily. Mary rose at the sound of my weeping and came to me.

"Do you know I cannot weep, Rosa? These luxuries are denied Sy. See, there are no tears in all my eyes, though God knows my heart is more sad all day and night. It is because I have such a burning heat so many, and no tears to wet it with."

I wiped my eyes and grew calmer when I saw the wild brightness of her eye; and drawing another current attack, I did my best to quiet both her and myself. The day passed on without further reference to any present grief; she showed me her little conservatory, with a few rare flow ers in it, which she had reared with much care, and led me over the possessions pride in the ground and graves attached to the house. In one of these graves, at some distance from the house itself, and a little cleared space, and in the centre of that it small, a very small mound.

"I knew at once what it was. There slept the child I had heard of. So had been broken the dearest the Mary and hi; looking her in the face stood with me a moment, looking at the mound with a steadfast look, and then gently took back her hair from her forehead, as if she tried to remember something, she smiled sadly, and said in a broken voice,

"Too me I cannot find one tear, even on my child's grave? I far gaudy away among my cold trees and quiet paths, and we sat in the warm fully shadows till the sun went down.

"You may guess how thankful I was to see a hat, as we turned homeward, the tears slowly falling over her face and dropping on her dress, as she walked on, evidently unconscious of the blessed relief. 'Like music on my heart' could those tears, for I knew that with them would come the coolness, like a waterdrop over her burning pulse, and I fearlessly abstained from saying a word that would interrupt the feelings rather than thoughts which were agitated her. We returned to the house; tea was served silently, for even the domestics hardly spoke where a whisper; and then we sat in the soft moonlight and looked on the changing moon before us. The summer sounds a rural life had long died away, and nothing but the untiring chary of the tree-toad was to be heard. The melancholy monotony of the sound, and Mary's spirit to a quiet she had not for a long time known, and at last the unconscious of having wept freely.

"I have wept, thank God! that shows I am human. Now ask me all about what you want to know. I think I can talk about it. Mr. Gardner? Oh, he is gone—he is gone to a better one!, yes; know; his business leads him continually away; and from home and their home one, course, very dull—very. Shouldn't you think it ought to, Rosa, dear?"

"The incoherently she began; but the first stop taken, and scores of sympathy in her bosom, she went on, and you will believe how when I say you we talked till midnight, and that then Mary rose, like a weary child, into my arms in a sweet sleep.

"I cannot give you her precise words, but the import of her relation I shall never forget. A few words will suffice to tell you what it took her hours of emotion and tears to reveal.

"You remember I told you she looked determined to be her duty, and to marry as wife as she could. End over a wife succeed in being happy with duty for the sentence? I think not. Mr. Gardner had been an ardent lover, somewhat impetuous, and eager to command himself to be grateful affection he would have returned for a long ag; indeed, I am sure of it, in time it must have been so, but, alas! Mr. Gardner was a calm gentlemanly, sensible, phlegmatic person, who thought his wife's impulses and her affection should be occasionally checked, and who had no tenderness, nor sympathy with, her excitable spirit. Consequently, Mary continued to have a calm exterior when he was home, which his frequent absences made a rarity in success. They had been married something like three years, and Mary was the delighted mother of a healthy and lovely daughter. Her heart, which had almost closed in the chilly atmosphere of her husband's manners, expanded and flowered luxuriantly in the warmth of maternity. In her happiness she reflected a part of its sunshine on her self, and she and smiled with much at her old gaiety. 'I feel my young days coming back to me, Rosa.'

"One day the post brought a letter for her, which she opened, and then left the room to read. The letter was from Mr. Gardner, and in it he informed her his yacht's silence to her, by so account of a long time. He knew of her happiness, of her child: it must, he seemed to be informed of every thing about her. He added that he permitted to be permitted to correspond with her. The letter expressed the strongest and deepest interest, but seemed to have forgotten the friendly terms as were difficult to tread. Mary struggled long with, like the most timid man to herself and her husband; but right at last conquered, and she commenced the answer to the letter in her head. Trembleingly she gave it to her husband, who read a part of it, and then said, with much kindness of manner,

"Correspond with any of your friends, male or female, my dear. I have not the slightest wish to forbid it.

"Mary's good spirit was still at her ear, and she said with some difficulty,

"Mr. Gardner, the writer of the letter was once much interested in me.'

"And you in him, sir? Well, my love, these things are all gone by, and can be to trust you. So again, I say, correspond with any body you like; particularly I am not jealous.' So the letters

The generous confidence of her husband deeply affected Mary; there was a tone of pain and relief her in the calm manner of declining the intended dance with this fascinating and dangerous friend. The correspondence went on for years, nay, it had continued up to the time of my visit. And now, dears, I must stop the account of my story for a minute, to arise my protest against the most dangerous and wretched of all theories—*Platonic friendships between a married woman and her male friends*. But for the false notions of society to such a friendship, *Mary Dunbar* might now be a loved and loving woman. This you will not believe could have been with Mr. Gardner; but remember that I am only putting in here Mr. Gardner's good deed, and habit and duty and mistrust happiness would have done much, as that do a sort, to would have held, held bound and loving. The letters from Rathdrum, which she showed me, were very interesting, full of fine sensible remarks on education, of its intercourse with, gentle and deep interest for himself, that you are as was never one of his nobler and best for an animal. But such letters as a happy married woman would have shown to her husband, and which would have put them but from if she listens to it.

"Things had gone on in this way for two years, or thereabouts, when the child, who had been the subject of so many anxious hopes of Mary, was pronounced all the occasion; hope of Mary, was unalterably ill. Her anxiety induced her immediately to write to Mr. Gardner, requesting that he could hastily believe her physician when he said that there was no danger, and that the child had a sore throat; there was a considerable degree of inflammation about the system, and when he said, he diverted Mary to have some leeches applied to the neck of the little girl, at the same time ordering the most effective means to subdue fever in the blood.

Mary was particular in place them there, but to her great alarm, the blood issued from the punctures in such quantities as to drench the bed-gown almost immediately. In vain she tried to stop it—it flowed in torrents, and before the horror-struck mother could send for assistance, the life of her child ebbed from the child—nothing but a blood-stained form remained. The physician and the apothecary had been pleased, and that it was something like life which issued from the ear flies to her ear at last. I believe he was not to blame—he has not the wretched instrument, whose agony I will not attempt to describe.

"But from that hour the nervous system and dispersion of poor Mary was destroyed, which I have become the habit of her mind. I should have predicted that through all the distressing circumstance of the child's death Mr. Gardner was absent. Undoubtedly, could he have been at home, his brilliant and calmness would have kept her in the greatest service to her; but he did not return until long after her maternal agonies had sunk into a sort of stupor of wretchedness, which looked like a resigned grief outwardly. For enough was her spirit from the enforced composure of her manner. By degrees she came to look upon herself as born only to undergo misery. That she had caused by the death of her own child was too horrible a thought to dwell on voluntarily, yet it intruded itself always—and she shuddered at the grave of her child as if it were her own.

"I remained with Mary until her husband's return, and then left her, promising to visit her again in the course of the summer. Mr. Gardner was the manly kindness of Mr. Gardner's manner, but I felt that he was displeased with me, evidently did not understand my motive.

Here you must stay with me; now I have got you here, I cannot spare you again." He spoke in a tone of thoughtfulness and absence. This strange manner re puzzled me not a little.

"I want my sister. The white downtown of my room chilled me. Mary did not accompany me as she would most have done, to see that all was comfortable for me. The textile window-curtains for the view outside, and the stately high-post bed, wood, with its gilded border, looked as if sleep would be afraid to "come near" it. My trunks were brought up, and then she found me in the room in the house. He child was in the house, that was clear—and nobody else I thought. Well, I must wait. I should know all in good time. I paused and went down to the parlour. Mary still hovered over the fire, looking, in her white wrapper and whiter face, more like a ghost than any living thing. I had intended to be reticent, cautious, till, to talk to Mary about old times, and by degrees to lead her to speak of so much of her present life as would give me an insight into the mysterious manner that reigned like a presence over my household.

"But as poor Ophelia says, 'we know what we are, but not what we shall be.' So no more did I know how to look at that crouching figure and its cheerful and calm. I met all pressure of sad, and could only sit down and cry heartily. Mary rose at the sound of my weeping and came to me.

"Do you know I cannot weep, Rosa? These luxuries are denied Sy. See, there are no tears in all my eyes, though God knows my heart is more sad all day and night. It is because I have such a burning heat so many, and no tears to wet it with."

I wiped my eyes and grew calmer when I saw the wild brightness of her eye; and drawing another current attack, I did my best to quiet both her and myself. The day passed on without further reference to any present grief; she showed me her little conservatory, with a few rare flow ers in it, which she had reared with much care, and led me over the possessions pride in the ground and graves attached to the house. In one of these graves, at some distance from the house itself, and a little cleared space, and in the centre of that it small, a very small mound.

"I knew at once what it was. There slept the child I had heard of. So had been broken the dearest the Mary and hi; looking her in the face stood with me a moment, looking at the mound with a steadfast look, and then gently took back her hair from her forehead, as if she tried to remember something, she smiled sadly, and said in a broken voice,

"Too me I cannot find one tear, even on my child's grave? I far gaudy away among my cold trees and quiet paths, and we sat in the warm fully shadows till the sun went down.

"You may guess how thankful I was to see a hat, as we turned homeward, the tears slowly falling over her face and dropping on her dress, as she walked on, evidently unconscious of the blessed relief. 'Like music on my heart' could those tears, for I knew that with them would come the coolness, like a waterdrop over her burning pulse, and I fearlessly abstained from saying a word that would interrupt the feelings rather than thoughts which were agitated her. We returned to the house; tea was served silently, for even the domestics hardly spoke where a whisper; and then we sat in the soft moonlight and looked on the changing moon before us. The summer sounds a rural life had long died away, and nothing but the untiring chary of the tree-toad was to be heard. The melancholy monotony of the sound, and Mary's spirit to a quiet she had not for a long time known, and at last the unconscious of having wept freely.

"I have wept, thank God! that shows I am human. Now ask me all about what you want to know. I think I can talk about it. Mr. Gardner? Oh, he is gone—he is gone to a better one!, yes; know; his business leads him continually away; and from home and their home one, course, very dull—very. Shouldn't you think it ought to, Rosa, dear?"

"The incoherently she began; but the first stop taken, and scores of sympathy in her bosom, she went on, and you will believe how when I say you we talked till midnight, and that then Mary rose, like a weary child, into my arms in a sweet sleep.

"I cannot give you her precise words, but the import of her relation I shall never forget. A few words will suffice to tell you what it took her hours of emotion and tears to reveal.

"You remember I told you she looked determined to be her duty, and to marry as wife as she could. End over a wife succeed in being happy with duty for the sentence? I think not. Mr. Gardner had been an ardent lover, somewhat impetuous, and eager to command himself to be grateful affection he would have returned for a long ag; indeed, I am sure of it, in time it must have been so, but, alas! Mr. Gardner was a calm gentlemanly, sensible, phlegmatic person, who thought his wife's impulses and her affection should be occasionally checked, and who had no tenderness, nor sympathy with, her excitable spirit. Consequently, Mary continued to have a calm exterior when he was home, which his frequent absences made a rarity in success. They had been married something like three years, and Mary was the delighted mother of a healthy and lovely daughter. Her heart, which had almost closed in the chilly atmosphere of her husband's manners, expanded and flowered luxuriantly in the warmth of maternity. In her happiness she reflected a part of its sunshine on her self, and she and smiled with much at her old gaiety. 'I feel my young days coming back to me, Rosa.'

"One day the post brought a letter for her, which she opened, and then left the room to read. The letter was from Mr. Gardner, and in it he informed her his yacht's silence to her, by so account of a long time. He knew of her happiness, of her child: it must, he seemed to be informed of every thing about her. He added that he permitted to be permitted to correspond with her. The letter expressed the strongest and deepest interest, but seemed to have forgotten the friendly terms as were difficult to tread. Mary struggled long with, like the most timid man to herself and her husband; but right at last conquered, and she commenced the answer to the letter in her head. Trembleingly she gave it to her husband, who read a part of it, and then said, with much kindness of manner,

"Correspond with any of your friends, male or female, my dear. I have not the slightest wish to forbid it.

"Mary's good spirit was still at her ear, and she said with some difficulty,

"Mr. Gardner, the writer of the letter was once much interested in me.'

"And you in him, sir? Well, my love, these things are all gone by, and can be to trust you. So again, I say, correspond with any body you like; particularly I am not jealous.' So the letters

The generous confidence of her husband deeply affected Mary; there was a tone of pain and relief her in the calm manner of declining the intended dance with this fascinating and dangerous friend. The correspondence went on for years, nay, it had continued up to the time of my visit. And now, dears, I must stop the account of my story for a minute, to arise my protest against the most dangerous and wretched of all theories—*Platonic friendships between a married woman and her male friends*. But for the false notions of society to such a friendship, *Mary Dunbar* might now be a loved and loving woman. This you will not believe

Humorous Sketches.

FROM THE NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

GOWDIE. OR THE KING'S POT.

BY JAMES R. P. GEMMES.

(The following burlesque upon the popular novel writer, G. P. R. James, (author of "Darnley, or the Rival's Plot," &c.) is one of the best pieces of pure nonsense that we have ever seen. We doubt whether the oldest and most confirmed novel reader can read it without laughing. It may be useful as a lesson to young writers, who are prone to commit the same faults in the burlesque of serious, or, their compositions.)

It was near midnight, towards the close of the year of grace one thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven, previous to the revolution of the last war, when the burning moon was just setting in the eastern sky, casting a brilliant golden radiance on the gloomy clouds which entirely obscured the firmament, and was concealed on the western horizon, in accordance with an intensity of heat far exceeding the temperature of the tropical zone, that the entire congregation of the deep had retired to their daily rest, and were now filling the emptyness with their snores and somnolency, and the ravelling of the farmer's horse upon the fertile and moss-covered hill side, upon the one hand, and the distant echo like the shrieking of heavy thunder through the mountain gorges of the western prairies.

The calm and tempestuous breeze rippled the placey sky, as they swept across the bosom of the deep, and bent the umbrageous tracks that cover their smiling heads upon the summit of each mountain's hill-side. Where the gentle zephyrs did not rouse them upon the balmy atmosphere, and the sweet perfume of the wild flowers, that decked the mossy banks of the deep bed